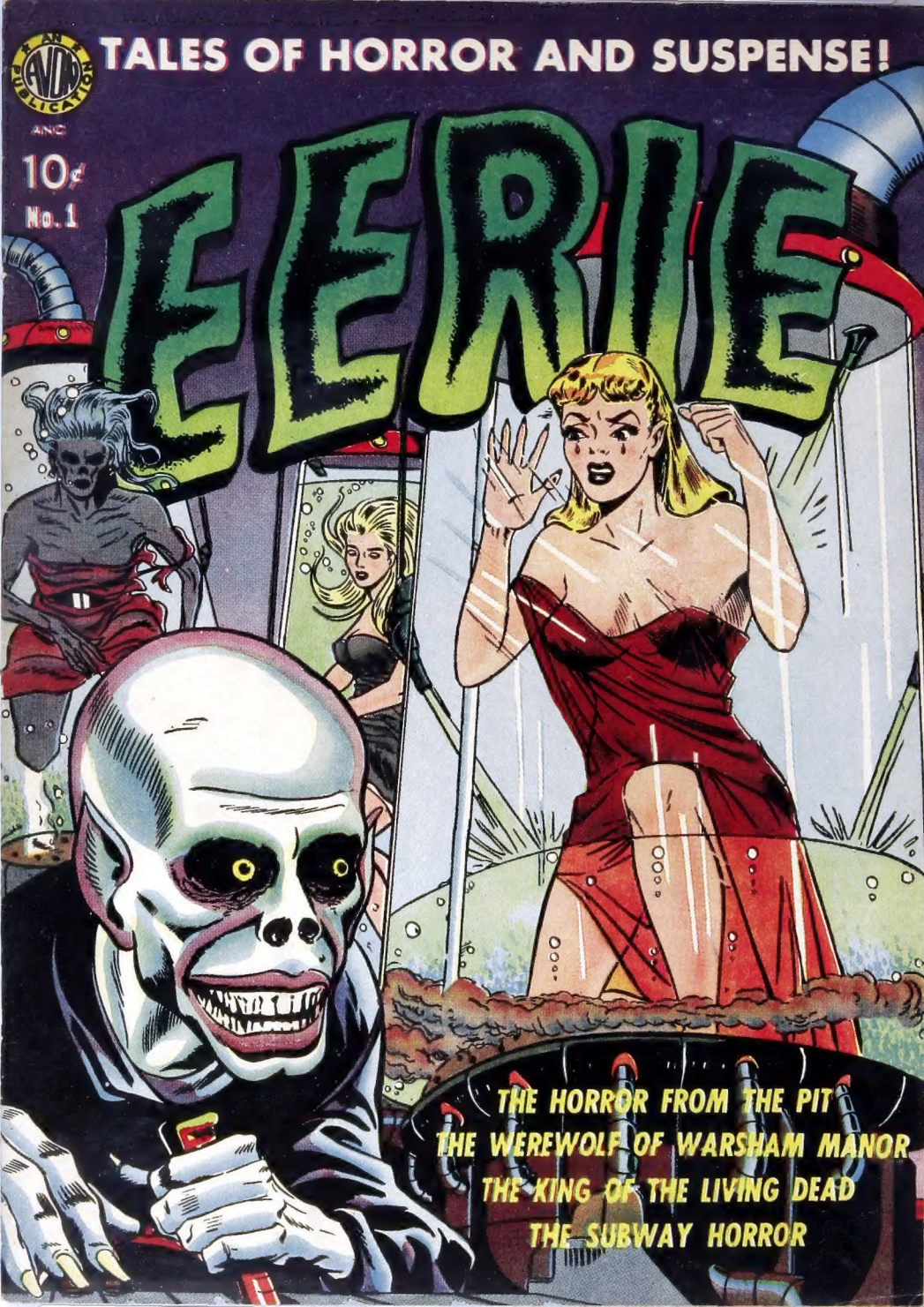
TALES OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE!
AVON PUBLICATION
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10¢
No. 1
EERIE
THE HORROR FROM THE PIT
THE WEREWOLF OF WARSHAM MANOR
THE KING OF THE LIVING DEAD
THE SUBWAY HORROR

FROM THE DARK REACHES OF HELL CAME THE FEAR FUL BEASTS TO WREAK VENGEANCE FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE. ALL ROBERT COULD DO WAS TO WAIT FOR DEATH AT THE HANDS OF...

The WEREWOLF of WARSHAM MANOR

(THIS TALE OF TORMENT BEGINS ON PAGE 1)

WITH THE FATE OF THE WORLD HANGING IN BALANCE, AN ARMY OF ZOMBIES SEEKS TO SEAL THE DOOM OF HUMANITY. THEY HAD TO STOP THE...

KING of the LIVING DEAD

(THE DOORS TO THIS TOMB OF TORTURE SWING OPEN ON PAGE 8)

BACK FROM THE DEAD, SHE CAME TO INFLICT GRIM AND HORRIBLE JUSTICE ON THE MAN WHO MURDERED HER. HE TRIED TO FLEE, BUT NOTHING COULD SAVE HIM FROM...

The SUBWAY HORROR

(RIDE THE RAILS OF TERROR ON PAGE 15)

WHEN GRUESOME DEATH STRUCK INNOCENT PEOPLE, POLICE THOUGHT IT THE WORK OF A MANIAC. ONLY ONE MAN KNEW WHY THEY DIED AND DARED TO FACE...

The MONSTER from the PIT

(READ GRAVEYARD SPINE-CHILLING TALES ON PAGE 25)

EERIE. May-June, 1951—Vol. 1, Number 1. Published bi-monthly by AVON PERIODICALS, Inc., 119 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Jos. Meyers, Pres., Sol Cohen, Editor and General Manager. Application for entry pending at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. One year subscription in the U.S. 40c plus 15c for packing and mailing—total 55c, e
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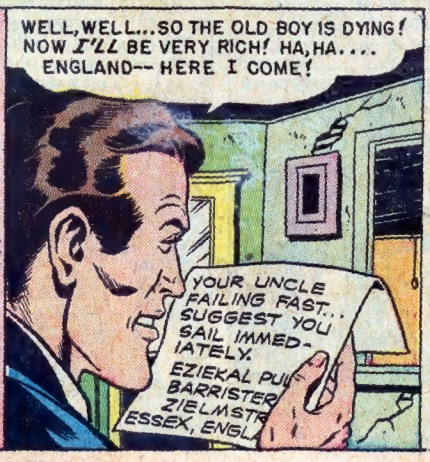
WHO CAN DOUBT TALES TOLD OF AGE-OLD HORRORS, OF COSMIC GHOULS THAT ROAM THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF PREY... OF COUNTLESS THINGS THAT WALK BY NIGHT? WHO INDEED, BUT UNBELIEVERS LIKE ROBERT WARSHAM, A SMIRKING, SARCASTIC NEER-DO-WELL WHO RIDICULED WHAT HE COULD NOT EXPLAIN? THEN HE INHERITED THE WARSHAM MILLIONS... AND WITH IT, THE FAMILY CURSE, FROM WHICH THERE WAS NO ESCAPE--WAITING.. WAITING TO DIE BY THE FANGS OF THE MONSTER THAT LURKED IN THE DISMAL SWAMPS ...WAITING HELPLESSLY, FEARFULLY.. FOR..

"THE WEREWOLF OF WARSHAM MANOR!"

OUR STORY OPENS 20 YEARS AGO IN MAINE AT THE SHABBY HOME OF ROBERT WARSHAM, DISSIPATED SCION AND LAST OF THE WARSHAM CLAN... HE HAS JUST RECEIVED A TELEGRAM FROM ESSEX, ENGLAND...


WELL, WELL... SO THE OLD BOY IS DYING! NOW I'LL BE VERY RICH! HA, HA.... ENGLAND-- HERE I COME!
YOUR UNCLE FAILING FAST... SUGGEST YOU SAIL IMMEDIATELY.
EZIEKAL PU
BARRISTER
ZIELMSTR
ESSEX, ENGL

ASSUMING THE AIR OF A "GRIEVING" NEPHEW, ROBERT WARSHAM EAGERLY BOOKED PASSAGE TWO DAYS LATER...

...AND ONE WEEK LATER, ARRIVED AT WARSHAM MANOR--AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE SET IN THE DISMAL MOORS AND FOREBODING SWAMPS OF ESSEX, ENGLAND... A REGION OF FOG, TWILIGHT... AND MYSTERY!
YOU'VE COME!
YES, UNCLE! I WAS CONCERNED ABOUT YOUR HEALTH! THIS CAME AS A SHOCK... I--
STOP IT, YOU HYPOCRITICAL INGRATE! YOU'VE DREAMED OF THIS MOMENT... AND I WON'T CHEAT YOU! TAKE MY MONEY! INHERIT EVERYTHING! BUT BEWARE, ROBERT... BEWARE OF THE WEREWOLF OF WARSHAM MANOR! HA, HA... COUGH... COUGH!
PLEASE, SIR... YOU MUSTN'T EXCITE YOURSELF!
YOU'LL LIVE AS I'VE LIVED... MORTALLY AFRAID! IT WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU, ROBERT... WAITING OUT THERE UNDER A FULL MOON... AS HE DOES FOR ME--N-NO--DON'T LEAVE ME... COUGH..!
TCH, TCH! HE'S QUITE BALMY!
YOUR UNCLE HAS ALWAYS BEEN... UH... SOMEWHAT ECCENTRIC, MR. WARSHAM! NOW I'M AFRAID HE'S MUCH WORSE! HE'S FAILING FAST!
ROBERT WARSHAM WENT TO BED THAT NIGHT THOROUGHLY CONVINCED OF HIS UNCLE'S INSANITY! BUT...
W-WHAT WAS THAT? IT CAME FROM UNCLE'S ROOM!
YAAAAAAAAAH!
RUSHING TO THE NORTH WING, ROBERT CAME UPON A HORRIBLE SIGHT!
GOOD HEAVENS! H-HIS THROAT HAS BEEN SLASHED FROM EAR TO EAR!
UGH! BUT HOW? HOW?
BLIMEY! THAT WEREWOLF DID IT! 'E SAID IT WOULD! WE'LL ALL BE NEXT!
HERE! STOP THAT NONSENSE!
LOOK! SOMETHING IS MOVING IN THOSE BUSHES!
AOO... O OO!
A WOLF! A HUGE, WHITE WOLF! AN' THERE AIN'T ANY SUCH ANIMALS IN THESE PARTS! 'E WAS RIGHT, I TELL YOU... OI'M LEAVIN!
GOOD LORD!
2

MR. WARSHAM... IT SEEMS TO BE GLARING AT YOU!
BAH! IT'S JUST COINCIDENCE, DOCTOR! THE WINDOW MUST HAVE BEEN OPEN... THE ANIMAL NEEDED FOOD... UNCLE STRUGGLED...THAT'S THE ONLY WAY IT COULD HAVE HAPPENED! WE'LL SHOOT IT TOMORROW...NOW LET'S GO BACK INSIDE!

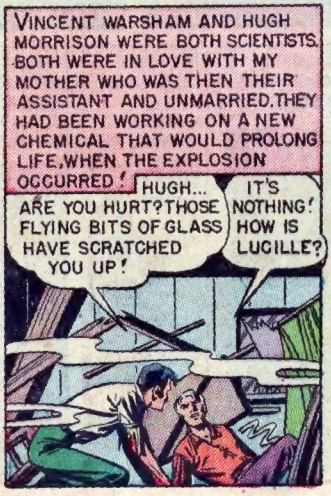
BUT NO TRACE COULD BE FOUND OF THE WOLF THE NEXT DAY, NOR IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED! THINGS GRADUALLY QUIETED DOWN AT WARSHAM MANOR, AND ROBERT ASSUMED CONTROL OF THE ESTATE...
"AND I LEAVE MY ENTIRE ESTATE... MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL TO MY NEPHEW, ROBERT WARSHAM!" SIGNED... SILAS WARSHAM, ESQ.

HA, HA...SHAY... THIS IS REALLY THE LIFE!
ZELLY
CLUB 100
AND HERE'S A BAUBBLE FOR YOUR BEAUTY, MY DEAR!
PUT 2000 POUNDS ON UNITED GRAIN!

SOON AFTERWARDS, THE IRRESPONSIBLE NEPHEW SQUANDERED AWAY HIS MONEY ON PARTIES, FOOLISH BUSINESS AND GAY ESCAPADES...

AND A SCANT YEAR LATER, IT WAS NECESSARY FOR HIM TO HAVE MORE MONEY! ONE NIGHT, IN THE LIBRARY OF WARSHAM MANOR...
LET ME SEE...WHERE WAS THAT BANK BOOK OF UNCLE'S... HELLO! WHAT'S THIS?

WHY...IT'S A BROKEN HALF OF A NECKLACE! AND THIS DUSTY BOOK IS UNCLE'S DIARY! WELL...SO THE SLY OLD DOG HAD SOME SECRETS, EH? WONDER WHAT IT SAYS...


VINCENT WARSHAM AND HUGH MORRISON WERE BOTH SCIENTISTS. BOTH WERE IN LOVE WITH MY MOTHER WHO WAS THEN THEIR ASSISTANT AND UNMARRIED. THEY HAD BEEN WORKING ON A NEW CHEMICAL THAT WOULD PROLONG LIFE, WHEN THE EXPLOSION OCCURRED!
HUGH... ARE YOU HURT? THOSE FLYING BITS OF GLASS HAVE SCRATCHED YOU UP!
IT'S NOTHING! HOW IS LUCILLE?

I GAVE HER A SEDATIVE TO QUIET HER... HUGH! YOUR HANDS... YOUR FACE!
I... I FEEL FUNNY... MY FINGERS ARE GETTING STIFF... MY BACK IS CURVING...I CAN'T STAND UP!
3

MOANING WITH DESPAIR, MORRISON DRAGGED HIMSELF UP TO THE SLEEPING GIRL..
THE CHEMICAL MUST HAVE BEEN ON THOSE BITS OF GLASS! YOU DID THIS TO ME... YOU PLANNED IT THIS WAY! BUT I'LL STILL HAVE LUCILLE!
GET AWAY! YOU HAVE BROKEN HER NECK-LACE!
CONQUERING HIS REVULSION, VINCENT WARSHAM PLACED HIS HAND ON THE SHOULDER OF HIS FRIEND TO LEAD HIM GENTLY AWAY... BUT SOMETHING HORRIBLE HAD OCCURRED! HUGH MORRISON WAS DEAD! IN HIS PLACE STOOD A TERRIBLE, GIGANTIC, SLAVERING BEAST!
GROOOWRRR!
GREAT SCOT...!
FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE, VINCENT, IN DESPERATION, PLUNGED A SURGICAL KNIFE INTO THE MONSTER'S CHEST...
A-R-R-R-G-H!
YOUR BLOOD IS CURSED FOREVER, VINCENT WARSHAM! I SHALL COME BACK FOR YOU... AT FULL MOON WHEN YOU ARE OF THE AGE I WAS BEFORE THIS CHANGE... AT... FULL...L... UNHHHH!
THE REST IS UNEVENTFUL... THE POLICE DISPOSED OF THE BEAST'S CARCASS, AND LISTED MORRISON AS MISSING, REFUSING TO BELIEVE THE STRANGE STORY THAT WAS TOLD THEM. MY FATHER CHANGED HIS PROFESSION AFTER MARRYING LUCILLE.... AND MAT AND I WERE BORN SEVEN YEARS APART! ONE NIGHT, WHEN I WAS 10 YEARS OF AGE...
DAD--WATCH OUT!
WE RAN TO HELP HIM... BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE! FATHER DIED AT FORTY FIVE YEARS OF AGE... THE SAME AGE AS HUGH MORRISON!
IT WAS A WOLF... A BIG WHITE WOLF!
MY SONS-- I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING.
MOTHER DIED SOON AFTER WARDS. DURING THE MANY YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, WE ALL BUT FORGOT THE WARSHAM CURSE, WHAT WITH MAT MARRIED, AND SEVERAL YEARS LATER A WIDOWER... AND I A BUSINESSMAN.
SILAS, LOOK! AFTER MY BOY, I'M OFF TO AFRICA ON BUSINESS!
WE'RE GETTING OLD, MAT! IMAGINE YOUNG ROBERT BEING 23!
4

YES... MANY YEARS HAD PASSED... I HAD BECOME THE EXECUTOR OF THE WARSHAM ESTATE WHILE MAT WORKED FOR AN INTERNATIONALLY-KNOWN EXPORT FIRM, WHILE HE WAS IN AFRICA...

BHUANA NO GO... IT DANGEROUS!

BOSH! THAT FOREST SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL HUNTING!

SO MAT IN HIS 45TH YEAR, STUBBORN TO THE END, WALKED UNSUSPECTINGLY INTO THE DARK THICKET! HE HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE WEREWOLF OF WARSHAM MANOR.

ROOWWR!

AIIIIIIIIII!

the authorities were pushed. I knew they would be! Robert us America for his education, never forgive me for his father's death! He thought I was crazy when I told him about the Warsham curse & soon I shall be 45 and the moon will come for me

THAT IS ALL THERE IS! THE OLD BOY WAS LOONEY ALL RIGHT! THOSE DEATHS WERE ONLY FREAK ACCIDENTS! HA...WHAT NONSENSE! NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO *ME!*

BUT HE WAS SOON TO LEARN OTHERWISE! ONE NIGHT, AS HE WAS COMING HOME FROM A TRIP TO LONDON...

THIS ROTTEN ENGINE WOULD CONK OUT JUST WHEN I'M YARDS FROM THE HOUSE! I...WHAT'S THAT?

ROOO— WWWWRR!

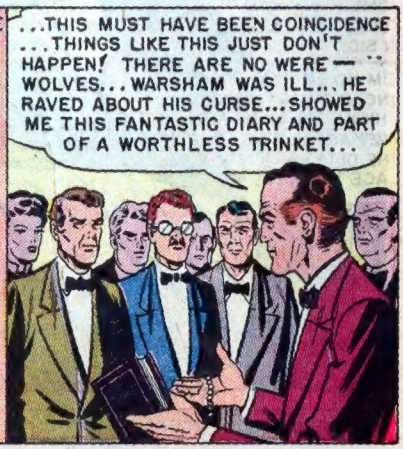
IT...IT CAN'T BE! I MUST BE DREAMING... THE WOLF THAT KILLED UNCLE...THE SAME MARKINGS... WHY *IT'S STANDING UP!* RUNNING TOWARDS ME! YAAAAAAAHHH!!

SCREAMING WITH TERROR, ROBERT WARSHAM RAN FOR HIS LIFE!

PUFF... PUFF... ANOTHER MOMENT, AND... UNCLE SILAS WAS SANE AFTER ALL! THAT... THAT *THING* WAS NO ORDINARY ANIMAL! IT WAS *EVIL*... SOB... AND I'VE FALLEN HEIR TO IT!

GOT TO ESCAPE! I WON'T STAY HERE AND LET IT GET ME! I'LL TRAVEL... YES! THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO... TRAVEL FAR AWAY FROM THAT...THAT HORROR!
SO ROBERT WARSHAM BEGAN A SERIES OF JOURNIES THAT WERE TO LAST HIM TWENTY YEARS! STILL A RICH MAN, HE TRAVELED THROUGH COUNTRY AFTER COUNTRY...
IT'S STILL AFTER ME!
I SAW IT... MUST LEAVE...
TIRED... CAN'T KEEP THIS UP... I'LL GO TO AMERICA!
PARIS...
ROME...
BUDAPEST...
AND FINALLY, BACK IN HIS HOME IN MAINE, THE TORTURED MAN TOOK TO HIS BED IN SICK ANGUISH...
I'M NO BETTER OFF THAN UNCLE SILAS! PEOPLE THINK I'M CRAZY! WHY DON'T THEY BELIEVE ME? HERE IS THE DIARY AND THE NECKLACE TO PROVE MY STORY!
HAVE YOU ONCE BEEN HARMED BY THIS...AH...WEREWOLF? NO, IT'S A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION BROUGHT ON BY THOSE UNFORTUNATE DEATHS IN YOUR FAMILY! WHY DON'T YOU CELEBRATE YOUR 45TH BIRTHDAY AT MY PARTY TONIGHT? YOU NEED THE RELAXATION!
PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, DR. TEAGUE!
THAT NIGHT, AT THE PARTY...
YOU SEE, ROBERT... IT'S 12 O'CLOCK ...AND NOTHING HAS HAPPENED TO YOU AFTER ALL!
HA...HA...AND FOR TWENTY YEARS I'VE BEEN RUNNING AWAY FROM A DELUSION! HA,HA... TAKE THIS FIENDISH BOOK...BURN IT... DON'T EVER LET ME SEE IT AGAIN!
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! BUT NO MORE! I'M GOING TO ENJOY MYSELF... HEY WHERE'S THE SHERRY WINE? I WANT TO MAKE A TOAST!
IT'S IN THE LIBRARY, DEAH! BUT DO HURRY BACK...CECIL IS GOING TO TELL YOU ONE OF HIS DARLING STORIES AGAIN..!
AND SOME MINUTES LATER WHILE IN THE LIBRARY...
IS THAT YOU, DR. TEAGUE? HELP ME CARRY THIS PUNCH BOWL INSIDE...
6

AND AS THE SUBDUED GUESTS GATHERED AROUND THE BODY OF ROBERT WARSHAM, DR. TEAGUE STILL GROPED FOR A LOGICAL EXPLANATION!..

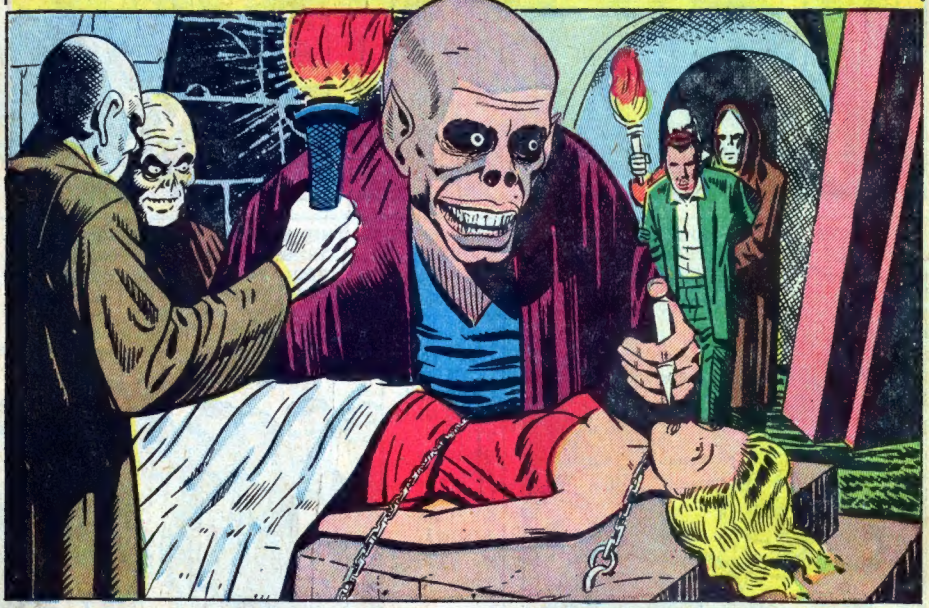

...THIS MUST HAVE BEEN COINCIDENCE ...THINGS LIKE THIS JUST DON'T HAPPEN! THERE ARE NO WERE— WOLVES... WARSHAM WAS ILL... HE RAVED ABOUT HIS CURSE... SHOWED ME THIS FANTASTIC DIARY AND PART OF A WORTHLESS TRINKET...

BUT ONE MORE INCIDENT WAS NEEDED TO MAKE OUR STORY COMPLETE!

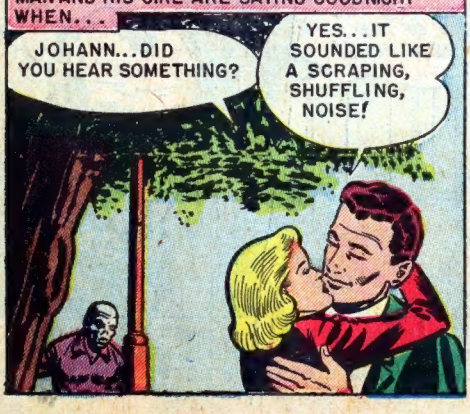
AND AS THE HORRIFIED GUESTS LOOKED AT EACH OTHER, THE HOWLING WIND OF A FULL MOONLIT NIGHT, CRASHED OPEN THE LIBRARY WINDOWS AND SWIRLED EERILY THROUGH THE ROOM...

WHAT WAS THE TERROR THAT LURKED IN THE FILTH AND SLIME OF WATERS LONG FORGOTTEN? WALTER AUSTIN AND ADRINA ROLLANDE, VERY MUCH IN LOVE, COULD NOT ANSWER THIS QUESTION HAD IT BEEN ASKED OF THEM. BUT WHEN THEY WERE BACK TO BACK WITH A MONSTER THAT HAD BEEN ALIVE FOR CENTURIES--AND AN ARMY OF THE UNDEAD--DEEP WITHIN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, THEY REALIZED THAT THEIR FATE AND THAT OF THE WORLD'S HUNG IN BALANCE. A WRONG MOVE WOULD DOOM HUMANITY FOREVER TO THE GHASTLY HORROR OF THE

"KING OF THE LIVING DEAD!"



ON A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIT NIGHT IN THE LARGE COSMOPOLITAN CITY OF BUDAPEST, A YOUNG MAN AND HIS GIRL ARE SAYING GOODNIGHT WHEN...



I CAN'T FIGHT IT--! HELP... IT'S GOT ME BY THE THROAT... HE..L... ARGH-H-H!
N-NO... PLEASE -- STAY AWAY--DON'T TOUCH ME... A!!!!!!!!!
AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD SPRUNG FROM THE SHADOWS, THE NIGHT-MARISH CREATURE QUICKLY SCOOPED UP THE TWO QUIET FORMS IN ITS GRUESOME ARMS AND MELT-ED MYSTERIOUSLY INTO THE NIGHT!
SOMETIME LATER, IN A WEIRD, TOMB-LIKE CAVERN IN AN UNDISCLOSED PART OF THE CITY...
SO--! TWO MORE "RECRUITS" FOR MY ARMY OF WALKING-DEAD! HA, HA... EXCELLENT! THROW THAT ONE INTO THE PIT... AND PLACE THE GIRL HERE ON THIS TABLE!
THAT...THAT THING KILLED MY JOHANN... AND NOW...YOU WANT TO KILL ME! I--I CAN SEE IT ON YOUR FACE! LET ME GO..!
SCREAM ALL YOU LIKE, MY DEAR! THERE IS NO ONE HERE TO HELP YOU-- EXCEPT MY SERVANTS-- AND THEY...HA, HA... ARE DEAD! HA, HA...
OHHH...
YOUR FACE STIFFENS... YOUR EYES BULGE...DO YOU FEEL THE EFFECTS OF THE POISON SO SOON, LITTLE ONE--? HAVE NO FEAR... IT WILL NOT PAIN YOU MUCH LONGER--! HA, HA...
GOOD! SHE IS DEAD! WHAT MY SERVANTS DO WITH THEIR HANDS, I ACCOMPLISH WITH THIS CHEMICAL! THEY DIE QUICKLY! NOW PLACE HER BODY WITH THAT OF THE OTHERS, MY PET, SO THAT SHE WILL SOON BE LIKE YOU!

THE THING PICKED UP THE BODY OF THE UNFORTUNATE GIRL AND THREW IT INTO AN UNDERGROUND PIT FILLED WITH SULFUROUS SMOKE AND A STRANGE FLICKERING BLUE FIRE THAT DID NOT BURN LIKE ORDINARY FLAME! MOMENTS LATER...

THEY ARE CHANGING... *CHANGING!* HA, HA, HA...

FROM OUT OF THAT PIT, ROSE CORPSE AFTER CORPSE--SHRUNKEN, WITHERED--HORRIBLY TRANSFORMED... WITH A NEW KIND OF LIFE... *MONSTERS FROM THE BEYOND!*

STAND UP! WALK! STOP! YOU ARE *MINE* NOW... MINE TO DO WITH AS I PLEASE!

YOU ARE MY ETERNAL SLAVES! LIFE AND DEATH NO LONGER HOLD ANY MEANING FOR YOU! GO NOW... AND BRING BACK OTHERS... AND SOON... SOON, THE WORLD SHALL HEAR OF US! HA, HA...

THE SECONDS FLED INTO MINUTES, INTO HOURS... THE HOURS RIPENED INTO DAYS... AND ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY, SOME TWO WEEKS LATER... ADRINA ROLLANDE, WORLD FAMOUS BALLERINA, JUST OFF THE BOAT FROM A TOUR, WAS GREETED BY HER FIANCE, WALTER AUSTEN...

DARLING!

OH, WALTER... IT'S BEEN TWO LONG WEARY YEARS...

THE YOUNG MAN WAS A REPRESENTATIVE FOR HIS AMERICAN EXPORT FIRM IN BUDAPEST, AND SINCE THEIR RESPECTIVE CAREERS HAD MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR BOTH TO BE TOGETHER FOR LONG PERIODS OF TIME BEFORE THEY GOT MARRIED, IT WAS NATURAL FOR THEM TO RUSH AWAY...

HEY, DON'T CRY, HONEY! WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN... THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS!

THE REST OF THAT DAY WAS SPENT IN A GAY CELEBRATION OF THEIR HAPPINESS...

THAT NIGHT, AFTER A MERRY ROUND OF NIGHTCLUBS, WALTER AND ADRINA, VERY MUCH IN LOVE, DROVE UP TO HER HOUSE...

DEAREST, LET'S NOT WAIT ANY LONGER! WE'LL GET MARRIED, RIGHT AWAY!

YES, DARLING... YES! I WAS SILLY TO THINK THAT I COULD KEEP MY CAREER AND STILL BE HAPPY! *YOU'RE* MY CAREER NOW!

IT WAS AT THIS MOMENT THAT THREE GRUESOME FORMS SLOWLY SEPARATED FROM THE DEEP SHADOWS OF THE HOUSE, AND...
WALTER--BEHIND YOU! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!
WHA!
BEFORE WALTER COULD PUT UP A STRUGGLE, HE WAS STRUCK FROM BEHIND!
UNHH!
SOMEHOW, WALTER MANAGED TO BREAK FREE AND HURL HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE MONSTERS!
THIS HAS TO BE PART OF A HORRIBLE DREAM! THOSE... CREATURES CAN'T BE REAL...! I-I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM! THEY'RE TAKING ADRINA AWAY... MUST FOLLOW FROM BEHIND...
GATHERING UP HIS STRENGTH, WALTER SHADOWED THE WALKING DEAD THROUGH BACK STREETS UNTIL THE GROTESQUE FIGURES CAME TO A YAWNING SEWER NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY...
T-THEY'RE GOING INTO IT! WHY WOULD THEY DO THAT? I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT!
HERE GOES...
WALTER LOWERED HIMSELF INTO THE FORBIDDING DARKNESS OF THE SEWER, THUS STARTING ON THE MOST FANTASTIC JOURNEY OF ALL TIME! CRAWLING PAST THE ROARING TURBO-ELECTRIC DYNAMOES OF THE CONCRETE DAMS, HE CAME TO THE OLDEST PART OF THE SYSTEM...
THEY WENT INSIDE THAT CONDEMNED PASSAGEWAY... IT LOOKS ROTTED! GOT TO BE CAREFUL...
ENTERING THE STINKING LABYRINTHS OF SLIME, THE AMERICAN WADED THROUGH NECK-HIGH POOLS OF INDESCRIBABLE FILTH! COLONIES OF HUGE RATS GIBBERED AND SQUEAKED THEIR HATE-FILLED PROTESTS AGAINST THIS INTRUSION OF THEIR DOMAIN... WHIRLS OF WATER RUSHED AIMLESSLY THROUGH THE GARBAGE AND DEBRIS CLOTTED INTO INTER-LOCKING MESHES OF DIRTY OOZE...

THE PASSAGEWAY NOW TURNED DOWNWARD AT A 45° ANGLE, SINKING DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH! FOR WHAT SEEMED LIKE HOURS, WALTER PUSHED FORWARD, ACCOMPANIED ALWAYS BY THE SCAMPERINGS OF SLITHERING MONSTROSITIES AND PLOPPING GURGLES OF ANCIENT CESSPOOLS LONG FORGOTTEN...

THE CORRIDOR... IT'S WIDENING!

THERE--UPON A CLIFF OVERLOOKING UNBELIEVABLE DEPTHS--WAS A CAVERN CARVED OUT OF MOLTEN ROCK--A VERITABLE BRIDGE TO ANOTHER WORLD PERCHED UPON THE SHEER BRINK OF HELL!

IT...IT'S INCREDIBLE! A PLACE LIKE *THIS* DOWN *HERE!* AND THOSE CREATURES ARE CARRYING ADRINA INSIDE!

AND WITHIN THE CAVERN...

THAT HYPODERMIC... GET AWAY! YOU'RE MAD... *MAD!*

ONE SHOT OF THIS FLUID, AND YOU WILL REST FOREVER! HA, HA...

HEARING ADRINA'S SCREAMS, WALTER RAN DOWN THE INCLINE INTO THE CAVERN!

WALTER!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, MISTER...BUT IT CAN'T BE GOOD!

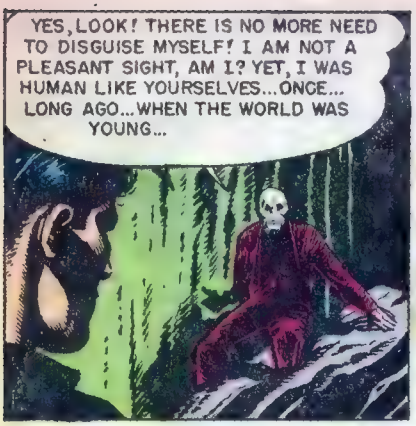
SMACK!

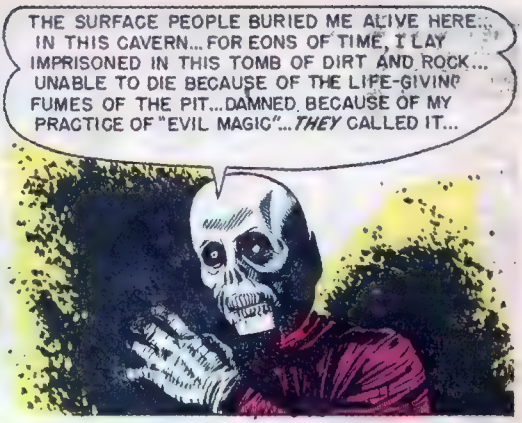
UGHH-H!

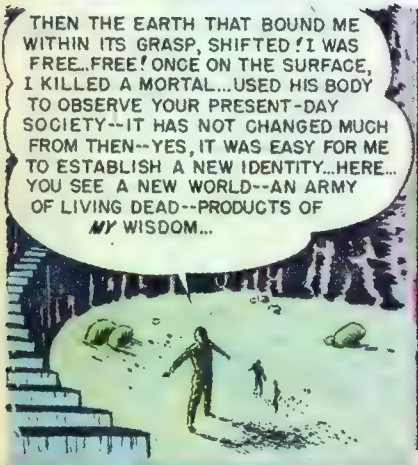
BUT THE MADMAN WAS POSSESSED WITH A DEMON'S STRENGTH! DROPPING THE HYPODERMIC, HE GRABBED WALTER, AND A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE BEGAN! THE AMERICAN, HOWEVER, REACHED OUT FOR A VIAL FROM A NEARBY TABLE, AND...

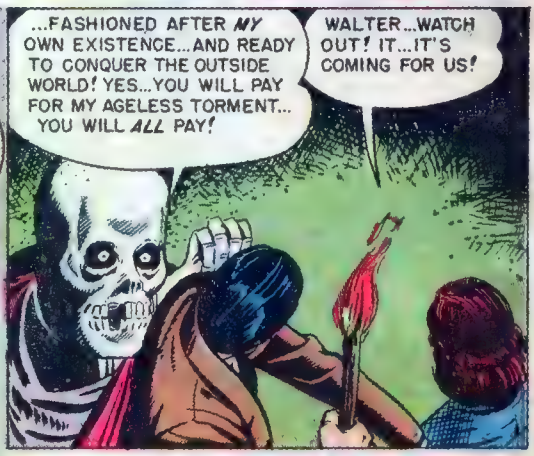
ARGH-H-H!

GREAT SCOT! THE ACID IS MELTING HIS FLESH! *LOOK--!!*


YES, LOOK! THERE IS NO MORE NEED TO DISGUISE MYSELF! I AM NOT A PLEASANT SIGHT, AM I? YET, I WAS HUMAN LIKE YOURSELVES...ONCE... LONG AGO...WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUNG...

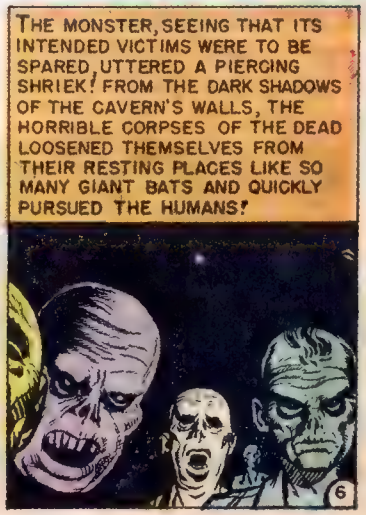

THE SURFACE PEOPLE BURIED ME ALIVE HERE... IN THIS CAVERN...FOR EONS OF TIME, I LAY IMPRISONED IN THIS TOMB OF DIRT AND ROCK... UNABLE TO DIE BECAUSE OF THE LIFE-GIVING FUMES OF THE PIT...DAMNED, BECAUSE OF MY PRACTICE OF "EVIL MAGIC"...*THEY* CALLED IT...

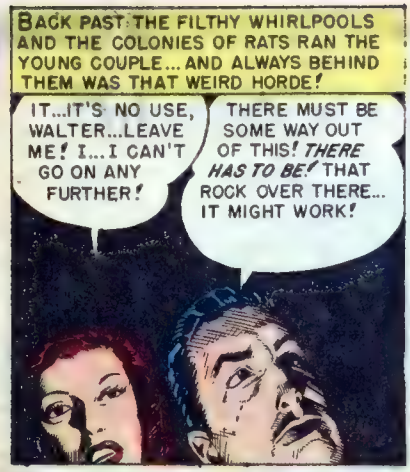

THEN THE EARTH THAT BOUND ME WITHIN ITS GRASP, SHIFTED! I WAS FREE...FREE! ONCE ON THE SURFACE, I KILLED A MORTAL...USED HIS BODY TO OBSERVE YOUR PRESENT-DAY SOCIETY--IT HAS NOT CHANGED MUCH FROM THEN--YES, IT WAS EASY FOR ME TO ESTABLISH A NEW IDENTITY...HERE... YOU SEE A NEW WORLD--AN ARMY OF LIVING DEAD--PRODUCTS OF *MY* WISDOM...

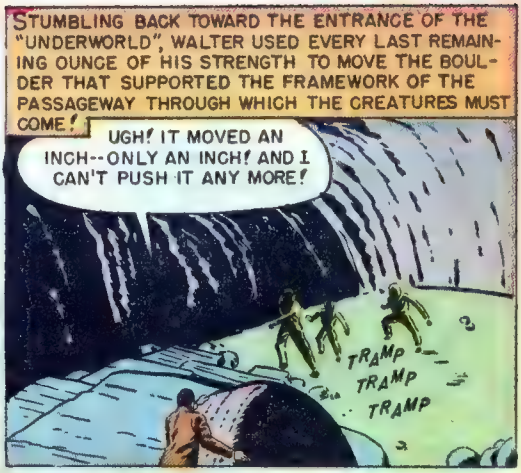

...FASHIONED AFTER *MY* OWN EXISTENCE...AND READY TO CONQUER THE OUTSIDE WORLD! YES...YOU WILL PAY FOR MY AGELESS TORMENT... YOU WILL *ALL* PAY!
WALTER...WATCH OUT! IT...IT'S COMING FOR US!

THE COURAGEOUS AMERICAN, HOWEVER, GRABBED A FLICKERING TORCH, AND...
AIEEEEEEEE!

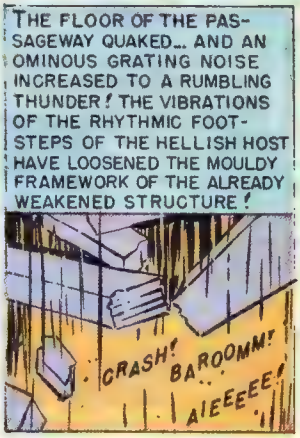
OH, MY DARLING... I...I...THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD! TELL ME I'M DREAMING THIS...
IT'S REAL ALL RIGHT, DEAR... AND IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE, WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED!


THE MONSTER, SEEING THAT ITS INTENDED VICTIMS WERE TO BE SPARED, UTTERED A PIERCING SHRIEK! FROM THE DARK SHADOWS OF THE CAVERN'S WALLS, THE HORRIBLE CORPSES OF THE DEAD LOOSENED THEMSELVES FROM THEIR RESTING PLACES LIKE SO MANY GIANT BATS AND QUICKLY PURSUED THE HUMANS!

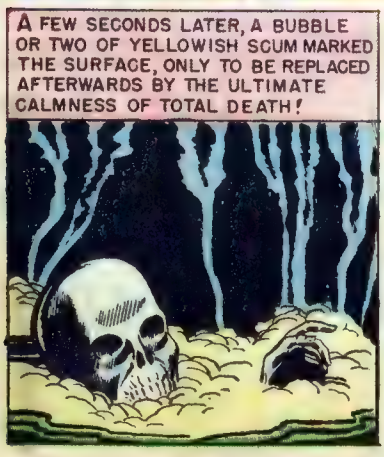

BACK PAST THE FILTHY WHIRLPOOLS AND THE COLONIES OF RATS RAN THE YOUNG COUPLE... AND ALWAYS BEHIND THEM WAS THAT WEIRD HORDE!
IT...IT'S NO USE, WALTER...LEAVE ME! I...I CAN'T GO ON ANY FURTHER!
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OUT OF THIS! THERE HAS TO BE! THAT ROCK OVER THERE... IT MIGHT WORK!

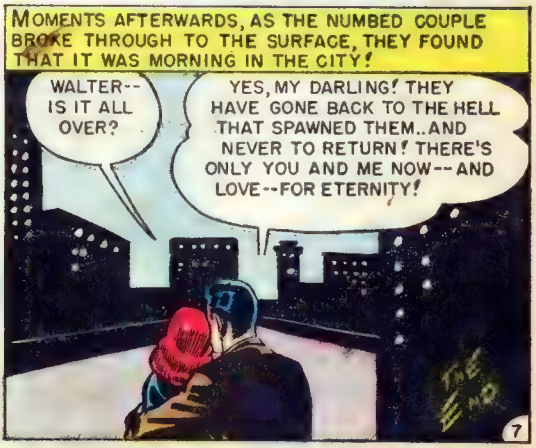

STUMBLING BACK TOWARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE "UNDERWORLD", WALTER USED EVERY LAST REMAINING OUNCE OF HIS STRENGTH TO MOVE THE BOULDER THAT SUPPORTED THE FRAMEWORK OF THE PASSAGEWAY THROUGH WHICH THE CREATURES MUST COME!
UGH! IT MOVED AN INCH--ONLY AN INCH! AND I CAN'T PUSH IT ANY MORE!
TRAMP
TRAMP
TRAMP

THIS IS THE END, DEAR... HOLD ME--HOLD ME CLOSE!
WE'LL WIN YET, ADRINA... LOOK!


THE FLOOR OF THE PASSAGEWAY QUAKED... AND AN OMINOUS GRATING NOISE INCREASED TO A RUMBLING THUNDER! THE VIBRATIONS OF THE RHYTHMIC FOOTSTEPS OF THE HELLISH HOST HAVE LOOSENED THE MOULDY FRAMEWORK OF THE ALREADY WEAKENED STRUCTURE!
CRASH!
BAROOMM!
AIEEEEE!

INSTANTANEOUSLY, A GIANT CESSPOOL OF FILTH REGURGITATED OVER THE UNFORTUNATES, DROWNING THOSE WHO HAD REMAINED BEHIND!
YEEEEEEAAAA!
THE MONSTER IS BEING SUCKED IN!


A FEW SECONDS LATER, A BUBBLE OR TWO OF YELLOWISH SCUM MARKED THE SURFACE, ONLY TO BE REPLACED AFTERWARDS BY THE ULTIMATE CALMNESS OF TOTAL DEATH!


MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, AS THE NUMBED COUPLE BROKE THROUGH TO THE SURFACE, THEY FOUND THAT IT WAS MORNING IN THE CITY!
WALTER--IS IT ALL OVER?
YES, MY DARLING! THEY HAVE GONE BACK TO THE HELL THAT SPAWNED THEM..AND NEVER TO RETURN! THERE'S ONLY YOU AND ME NOW--AND LOVE--FOR ETERNITY!
THE END

THE
SUBWAY HORROR!
A
FROM THE MOMENT HARRY HORTON SLIPPED A MARRIAGE BAND ON HIS WIFE'S FINGER, HE WAS AT WAR WITH HER! SHE GAVE HIM NO PEACE, NO REST, NO MERCY... SHE MOCKED HIM, CRITICIZED HIM, NAGGED HIM, SCREAMED AT HIM, STRUCK HIM. HE WAS A FOOL, A BUNGLER, A FAILURE, AN IMBECILE! -- NOTHING HE EVER DID WAS RIGHT. -- SO, IS IT ANY WONDER THAT THINGS TURNED OUT SO WRONG IN— THE SUBWAY HORROR!

G-GOSH! SHE'LL EAT MY HEAD OFF--I'M SO LATE!
HA-HA! THERE GOES SCAIRDY-CAT HORTON!
WHATSA MATTER, MR. HORTON! SCARED YER WIFE'LL BEAT YA UP AGAIN?

CAN'T WAIT FOR THE ELEVATOR TO COME DOWN-- I'LL RUN THE SIX FLIGHTS!
THAT'S THE MR. HORTON I WAS TELLIN' YOU ABOUT! HE'S RUNNIN' CAUSE HE'S LATE!

...BUT 'TWON'T DO NO GOOD! SHE'LL YELL JUST THE SAME! YOU'LL HEAR HER WAY UP AND DOWN THE COURT!
LET'S GET UPSTAIRS FAST, SO'S WE CAN LISTEN!
UPSTAIRS--
HELEN!! I'M SORRY I'M LATE!
YOU MEAN YOU'LL BE SORRIER!
H-HELEN! PLEASE..! I--I-- CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!
BONG
ZING
THERE IS NO EXPLANATION! YOU'RE LATE! DELIBERATELY LATE! YOU DID IT TO EXASPERATE ME! YOU KNOW I'VE GOT LAMB CHOPS FOR SUPPER, IN THE OVEN! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE TO COOK, CLEAN, AND WORK FOR YOU, BUT I HAVE TO PUT UP WITH ALL YOUR WICKED, MALICIOUS TRICKS!
BUT HELEN, IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN LATE IN A YEAR!
LOOK AT THAT PAPER! LOOK HOW CRUMPLED IT IS! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU I WANT TO READ THE PAPER FIRST!
I F-FORGOT...
AND IS THIS WHERE YOU PUT YOUR OVERCOAT? IS THAT WHY I KEEP THE HOUSE CLEAN? --FOR YOU TO THROW YOUR DIRTY OVERCOAT ALL OVER THE FURNITURE!
HELEN, THE COAT'S NOT DIRTY... I JUST.... OH-H-H--

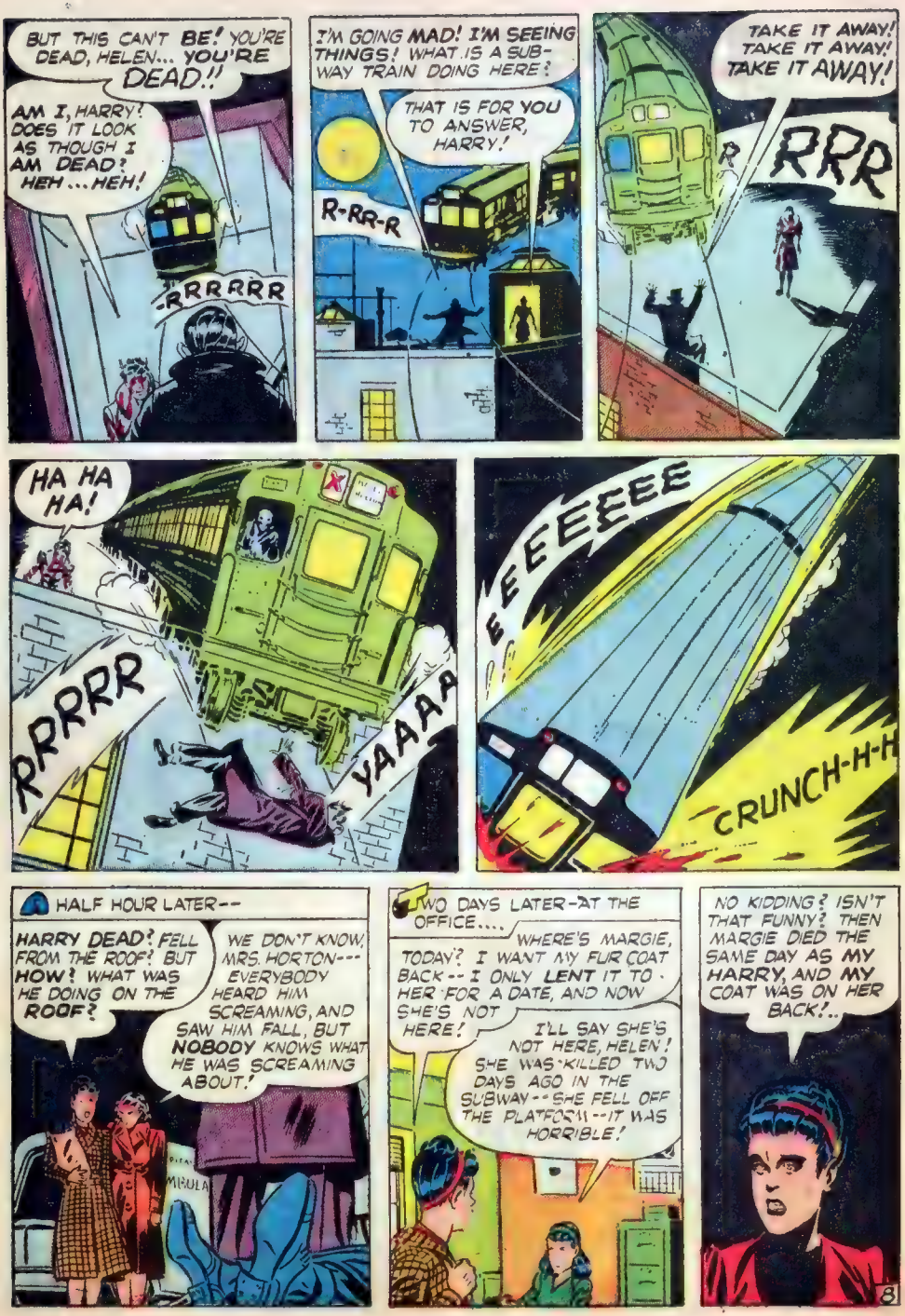
LOOK WHAT YOU TRUCKED INTO THE HOUSE!! ALL THE DIRT IN THE STREET! LOOK AT THAT CARPET, YOU FOOL! JUST LOOK AT IT... IT'S RUINED!
G-GOSH, HOW DID THAT HAPPEN...?
HOW DID IT HAPPEN, YOU IMBECILE!? HOW DO ALL THE STUPID THINGS YOU DO, HAPPEN? BECAUSE YOU'RE A NUMBSKULL - A TORTURER, A CURSE ON MY MARRIED LIFE!
BUT... BUT...
BUT... YEOWWW!
YOU'RE KNOCKING OVER THE LAMP!
I-I-C-COULDN'T HELP IT, HELEN! I DIDN'T SEE-- OWWw!
IDIOT! YOU IDIOT! YOU DELIBERATELY SMASHED MY BEST LAMP!
THUMP
WHAM
OWWW
N-NO! DON'T!
POW!
OW!
I'LL TEACH YOU TO BE CLUMSY!
THEY'RE BETTER'N EVER TONIGHT!
IT'S A DISGRACE! SOMEBODY OUGHT TO CALL THE POLICE!
A HALF HOUR LATER...
THANK GOD SHE'S LEAVING... IF I HEARD HER VOICE ANOTHER MINUTE I WOULD GO MAD!
--AND IF YOU THINK I'M STAYING HERE ANOTHER MINUTE WITH A NUMBSKULL LIKE YOU, YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THINK YOU ARE! --AND YOU KNOW HOW CRAZY THAT IS!
...MAD AS A MURDERER!
3

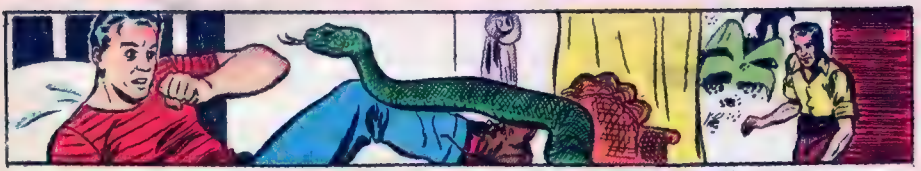
SHORTLY AFTER--
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH THESE LAMB CHOPS! WHAT WAS SHE COMPLAINING ABOUT? FOOLISH QUESTION! WHAT DOES SHE EVER COMPLAIN ABOUT!
NO SENSE STAYING HOME ALONE! I'LL GO TO A MOVIE! THE MOVIE TICKETS ARE IN THE UPPER DRAWER OF THE BUREAU!...
THERE IT IS! HOLD ON! --I DIDN'T KNOW HELEN KEPT HER LIFE INSURANCE POLICY HERE---
TRUE-LIFE INSURANCE
IF HELEN SHOULD DIE...I GET $5000! I'M THE BENEFICIARY OF HER POLICY! HMM-MM--
LATER---
NOW PLAYING
BATTLE!!
STARRING
HECTOR BEGGORY
IN HIS HANDS LAY THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN-
I WONDER WHY HE MURDERS HER!
INSIDE--
EEEE
NO MORE WILL YOU TORMENT ME --NO MORE! NO MORE-- DO YOU UNDERSTAND?!
BANG BANG
HUH! THAT'S NO WAY TO PULL A MURDER! NO WONDER HE GETS CAUGHT IN THE END!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE CLEVER...MUCH CLEVERER!
4

THE NEXT EVENING...
SMART OF ME TO GET FRANKIE TO PUNCH MY TIME CARD! THAT FIFTEEN MINUTES MARGIN GIVES ME A PERFECT ALIBI!
THERE'S HELEN! NOW TO TRAIL HER TO THE SUBWAY WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!
IF SHE ONLY KNEW WHERE SHE'S REALLY GOING, SHE WOULDN'T HURRY LIKE THAT!
HELEN ALWAYS STANDS AT THE FRONT OF THE PLATFORM... SHE LIKES GETTING A SEAT, BUT TONIGHT, SHE'LL BE A TRIFLE DISAPPOINTED!
AH, SHE'S AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE PLATFORM! SINCE IT IS RUSH HOUR.... A LITTLE COMMOTION--A LITTLE PUSHING, IS ONLY NATURAL!
STOP READIN', GERT! I HEAR THE TRAIN COMIN'--
NOW--TO PRETEND THAT SOMEBODY'S PUSHING ME!
R-R-R-R-R
H-HEY! WHATSA IDEA OF PUSHING! CAN'TCHA WAIT FER A SEAT?
R-R-R-R
5

AS THE TRAIN ROARS IN--
HEY! LOOK OUT.
STOP PUSHING!
oHHH!
A WOMAN FELL OFF THE PLATFORM!
SHE'LL BE KILLED! EEEEE!
H-HE,P!
YEOWW!
YAAAAA
Aiiiiii
I CAN'T LOOK!
SCREEEEECHHH!
Yiiiiiiiii
OH-HH!
S-SHE'S F-FAINTED!
WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE WAS HIT BY A TRAIN!
HIT'S NOT THE WORD FOR IT, MY FRIEND! I'LL JUST TAKE THIS LOCAL, AND BE HOME BY THE TIME THE POLICE PHONE ME THAT HELEN'S DEAD!
6

SHORTLY AFTER---
I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY SO MANGLED TO PIECES IN MY LIFE! SHE AIN'T A WOMAN ANYMORE--- SHE'S A MESS!
MEANWHILE, AS THE LOCAL MOVES THROUGH THE TUBES---
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S CAUSING THE ROAR IN MY EARS! MUST BE THE EXCITEMENT OF HELEN'S DEATH!
RRRRRRRR
MINUTES LATER---
RRRR-RR RR
BUT THE NOISE DOESN'T GO AWAY...IT'S LOUDER! W-WHAT CAN IT BE? I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING BUT THE NOISE... JUST THE NOISE!
RRR
WELL, THE NEXT - STATION'S MINE! MAYBE IF I GET OUT OF THE SUBWAY, IT'LL DISAPPEAR!
BUT NOW IT'S WORSE! THE TRAIN'S GONE, YET IT'S AS IF THE TRAIN'S EVEN CLOSER THAN BEFORE!
RRRRRRR
THANK GOODNESS, I'M HOME! I CAN TAKE SOMETHING TO RELIEVE THAT HORRIBLE ROARING NOISE! HOW'LL I HEAR THE TELEPHONE WHEN THE POLICE CALL ABOUT HELEN?
RRRR
HELLO, HARRY! AREN'T YOU HOME EARLY TONIGHT?
YOU!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING, HARRY--WITHOUT ME?
THE NOISE! THE NOISE! A SUBWAY TRAIN! I CAN SEE IT! THERE IT IS--COMING FOR ME---
AIEEE!
RRR RRRRRRRR
7


BUT THIS CAN'T BE! YOU'RE DEAD, HELEN... YOU'RE DEAD!!
AM I, HARRY? DOES IT LOOK AS THOUGH I AM DEAD? HEH ... HEH!
-RRRRRR
I'M GOING MAD! I'M SEEING THINGS! WHAT IS A SUBWAY TRAIN DOING HERE?
THAT IS FOR YOU TO ANSWER, HARRY!
R-RR-R
TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY! TAKE IT AWAY!
RRR
HA HA HA!
RRRRR
YAAAA
EEEEEEE
CRUNCH-H-H
HALF HOUR LATER--
HARRY DEAD? FELL FROM THE ROOF? BUT HOW? WHAT WAS HE DOING ON THE ROOF?
WE DON'T KNOW, MRS. HORTON--- EVERYBODY HEARD HIM SCREAMING, AND SAW HIM FALL, BUT NOBODY KNOWS WHAT HE WAS SCREAMING ABOUT!
TWO DAYS LATER-AT THE OFFICE....
WHERE'S MARGIE, TODAY? I WANT MY FUR COAT BACK -- I ONLY LENT IT TO HER FOR A DATE, AND NOW SHE'S NOT HERE!
I'LL SAY SHE'S NOT HERE, HELEN! SHE WAS KILLED TWO DAYS AGO IN THE SUBWAY -- SHE FELL OFF THE PLATFORM -- IT WAS HORRIBLE!
NO KIDDING? ISN'T THAT FUNNY? THEN MARGIE DIED THE SAME DAY AS MY HARRY, AND MY COAT WAS ON HER BACK!..
8



DOUBLE TROUBLE

THE TINY narrow-gauge train puffed around the final curve as it snaked its way through the jungle and the sprawled shacks of Pinel No. 5 came into view.

A man stood in the clearing called a station, mopping his face from which the sweat ran off in long rivulets. He shook his head in relief as the train rattled to a stop before him.

"You're Rance Macklin, aren't you?" he called, "Thought you'd never get here."

"I'm Hank Bache," he continued, "why you'd want a job out here is beyond me. You must be nuts!"

A battered straw hat, identifiable as the train hand, suddenly turned in surprise and stared at the two men. "Hey!" he said, "are you guys brothers? You look like twins! I thought I was seein' double for a minute!"

The men laughed and looked at each other appraisingly. "You know," smiled Bache, he's got something there. Since we look like brothers how about bunking in with me. Come on, I'll show you where it is."

They crossed the steaming clearing and headed toward a shack gasping for a little shade under a lone palm tree.

"One of these days I'll get out of here!" Bache said, "I hate this place! I hate the jungle! Just wait till you've been here as long as I have and you'll know what I mean."

They entered the battered building and Macklin tossed his gear on the floor of the simply furnished, single room. A couple of iron bedsteads, a rickety table, two chairs and a smoke-blackened kerosene lamp completed its furnishings.

"How long have you been here, anyway?" asked Macklin, hauling out a huge mosquito net.

"Six years," snapped Bache. "Six years of this!"

Macklin lit a cigarette and looked up. "Can't see it," he said, "I haven't been home in twenty years. Getting out means nothing to me. I've got a twenty-room house and two hundred acres back home. So what?"

"Now I know you're crazy," said Bache, staring. "Come on, I'll take you down to the office and introduce you to the others."

As the hot, steaming weeks went by Macklin and Bache became close friends. They had the same likes and dislikes, they even thought alike. They might very well have been twins except for one thing. Bache wanted to leave and Macklin wanted to stay.

Little by little Bache found himself becoming obsessed with the thought of that twenty-room house and those two hundred acres that Macklin didn't want... that would be salvation to him. More and more he questioned Macklin about what it was like, where it was, how it looked. He couldn't help himself.

One hot night they sat in the recreation shack trying to keep cool on drinks that only made them hotter. Bache looked across the table at Rance Macklin and spoke.

"Well, here's to getting out of this stinking jungle! And here's to... where did you say that estate of yours was?"

Macklin, slightly drunk, wavered in his chair and beckoned confidentially. "Come here, Hank, I want to show you something. You're the only one who cares what happens to me, so I'm going to let you see something. Come here!"

Macklin pulled a tattered bunch of papers from inside his shirt and waved them in the air in front of him. "See these," he giggled. "They're a ticket to a life of ease and comfort, but who wants it! I hate the thought of the place!"

Bache snapped to attention. "That's the deed, huh?"

"Yeah, that's the deed, my identification, the works. That's worth a hundred thousand bucks! But what do I care about dough! You ought to be satisfied like me!"

Bache leaped to his feet, scarlet anger coloring his face. "Cut that out!" he snapped. "Why should you have all that and not... aw what's the use! I gotta go!"

Macklin stared at the retreating figure stupidly and shook his head. "Now what can be eating him?" he said, amazed.

Back at the shack, Bache threw himself angrily down on the bed. "Why don't I ever get a break like that?" he thought, "I'd be out of here before.... Blazes! We look like twins! I wonder if there isn't some way to get rid of that guy?"

For the next few weeks things went on as usual until one day as Bache crossed the clearing a streak of color glided across his path. He took one look and his hand went to his holster. He was staring at the dread coral snake, the most deadly of its species. His hand dropped to his side as a thought came to his mind. Looking cautiously about he stooped and grasped the snake gingerly by the back of its neck, crossed to the hut and strode to Macklin's bed. Flinging back the covers he deposited his burden on the sheet, pulled the blanket into place and carefully tucked it beneath the mattress. The look on his face was not pleasant to see.

A little later he casually crossed the clearing and went to look for Pepe, the half-breed guide. He found him, a cigarette dangling languidly from his mouth, lying beneath a palm tree.

Bache stared at him and rubbed his chin speculatively. "Pepe," he said, "get me to the coast and I'll give you five hundred dollars."

Pepe puffed on his cigarette without moving. "So?" he said softly, "we leave by the river. I be ready tonight. Meet me at beeg rock. I feex everything."

That night, chow finished, Bache and Macklin

strolled back to their shack. Macklin pulled the door open and they went in. "By God, I'm tired," he yawned. "Me for the hay!"

He headed for the bed as Bache suddenly tensed and stiffened. A strange look crossed his face as Macklin sat down and began unlacing his boot.

Macklin looked up. "Say," he said, "are you all right, Hank? Anything wrong?"

There was a sudden movement beneath the covers and a bright-colored head darted from beneath them, drew back and struck. Macklin leaped as though he had been touched by a red-hot iron. He rose to his feet, his features writhing in pain, and strove to reach his gun. The muscles of his face contorted even more as he tried to speak. "Hank," he grunted, "look out! A . . . coral . . . snake . . . kill him . . . he. . . . "

There was a crash as his body fell to the floor. The swift-acting poison had completed its deadly work in less than a minute. Rance Macklin was dying.

Bache stared coldly at his fallen comrade, then swiftly crossed the room scarcely heeding the snake which had slipped from the bed and was gliding from the hut. Quickly he stooped and felt within the dying man's shirt. Impatiently he ripped the buttons away and at last found what he wanted, the tattered bundle of papers.

Macklin watched him through glazing eyes, unable to even call for help.

Bache sneered, "I'm going to have that house, Macklin, and that land! You had your chance and didn't take it! Now I'll have mine! There'll be no more of your gloating, Macklin! Meet your new self!"

Without a backward glance, clutching the precious papers, Bache left the shack. Cautiously he crossed the clearing and slid into the jungle. Down the moonlit path he sped to freedom and a life of ease. There it was, the river that would carry him to safety. He heaved a sigh of relief as he broke through the last remaining bushes and found the Indian waiting for him in a small launch.

Hank Bache stirred restlessly in the huge armchair and stared into the fire. Six months had passed since the night he had fled down the river. It hadn't been as easy as he thought. His boat had been smashed to bits, caught in the treacherous rapids of the river. Pepe had been drowned and only a miracle had saved his own life.

Vividly he pictured the weeks in the jungle fighting his way to the coast. Once again he relived those last hours and saw himself staggering into the mission courtyard to be found by the friendly monks and nursed back to health.

He smiled with the smug look of a man well satisfied with himself. He was a respected landowner now. A man of standing in the community. His jungle days could be forgotten.

He rose to his feet and headed for the doorway. In the short time he had been in the house he had not even had time to fully explore all the rooms. He decided this would be a good time to finish his careful check. The more he learned about Macklin and his possessions the safer he would be.

For a start he chose a small room on the third floor, tucked under the eaves. He hadn't been in this one at all. Apparently it had been used as a storeroom. Odd pieces of furniture stood against the walls and to one side was a large desk.

Throwing open a window to let out the musty smell, he turned his attention to the desk and its drawers. The first one produced nothing more than a few old bills, the second proved more interesting. Tucked away at the back was a small envelope containing some yellowed snapshots and negatives.

Opening them he found pictures of Rance Macklin with his arm around a beautiful girl. From her clothes he judged they had been taken around 1927.

"Wonder who she was?" he thought, "I'd better burn those before anyone else sees them. You never could tell, someone might spot the difference between us. One slip and. . . . "

How it happened, he never knew. He had moved over to the window and was carefully applying a match to the pictures and negatives when there was a sudden flare. With a curse he dropped them. A gust of wind and the burning photographs had scattered about the room. Within a few moments the place was a blazing inferno.

Like a madman he dashed down the stairs, grabbed the telephone and mouthed the words, "FIRE! FIRE!" into it. Was his new-found wealth and ease to come to naught?

In great fear he sped back to the burning room and ineffectually tried to smother the flames. It couldn't be! Not after what he had been through!

The clang of the fire engines brought him back to sanity. Perhaps everything would be all right. He relaxed again as the firemen armed with hose and axes thronged in and took over.

It was the work of a few minutes to put the blaze out. Bache mopped his brow in relief. He had been really frightened. His thoughts were interrupted by the crash of the axes. The firemen were ripping out the walls. "Had to do that," he thought, "never can tell when a fire is really out." A few dollars to fix an attic room didn't bother him. His house! His house, was safe!

A sharp, excited cry made him spin around. The firemen were gathered around an opening in the wall that appeared to lead to another room.

"What the blazes is this?" he thought. Hurrying over he peered into the dim opening and saw what they were all staring at. He shook his head. No! It couldn't be! But it was! There lying on the floor was the skeleton of a woman. Somehow it had a familiar look, but why should a skeleton look familiar? Then came recognition.

It was the clothes! They were the clothes of the girl in the photographs that had started all this. Now in one great rush came the explanation of why Rance Macklin had never wanted to come home. He had been afraid of the grisly secret hidden in his attic.

He stared stupidly around him and realized what the others were thinking. "But . . . but . . . I," he started to say and then subsided.

"Better come along with us," said a fireman, and with head bent he allowed himself to be led away.

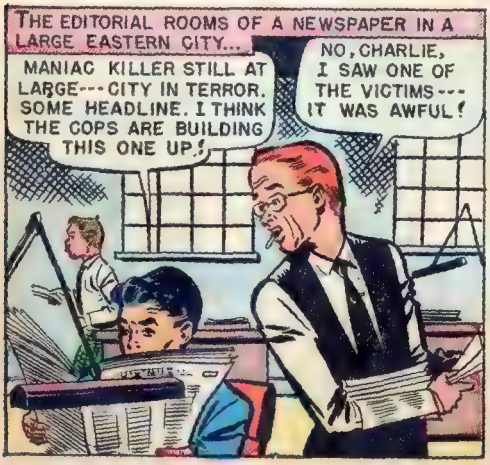
The trial was short, the evidence conclusive and the sentence direct. Hank Bache, now Rance Macklin laughed harshly as he stared at the walls of his cell in the state prison. He was to die for the murder committed by the man he had himself killed. Poetic justice, if he confessed he would be held for the murder of Macklin. Either way death was the payoff.

He looked up, squared his shoulders and strode to the door of the cell. "Hey, guard!" he called. "Get me the warden. I have something to tell him." After all confession is good for the soul.

THE MONSTER FROM THE PIT

FROM THE DEPTHS OF DARKEST EVIL COMES THE GRAHKU, LEGENDARY BEAST OF HORROR WHO ROAMS THE WORLD IN HUMAN FORM SEARCHING FOR HIS PREY. HE STRIKES TERROR TO THE HEARTS OF THOSE WHO HAVE HEARD HIS NAME AND BRINGS AWFUL DOOM TO THOSE WHO CROSS HIS GHOULISH PATH. MANY HAVE TRIED TO DRIVE HIM BACK TO THE REALM OF DARKNESS, DEFYING THE FRIGHTFUL DEATH THAT AWAITS HE WHO WOULD DEFY...

"THE MONSTER FROM THE PIT!"


THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF A NEWSPAPER IN A LARGE EASTERN CITY...
MANIAC KILLER STILL AT LARGE---CITY IN TERROR. SOME HEADLINE. I THINK THE COPS ARE BUILDING THIS ONE UP!
NO, CHARLIE, I SAW ONE OF THE VICTIMS--- IT WAS AWFUL!

WELL, I GOT MY JOB DONE. I'M NOT WORRYING ABOUT MANIACS. I'M GOING HOME AND GET SOME SHUT-EYE.
WATCH OUT ON YOUR WAY HOME. AFTER THE ARTICLE YOU WROTE, THE KILLER'LL BE AFTER YOU. HE WAS LAST HEARD OF IN THIS VERY AREA!

MAC, YOU'VE GOT ME SCARED STIFF! MAYBE IF I MEET THE GUY, I CAN GET AN EXCLUSIVE STORY OF HIS LIFE, HUH?---SO LONG, BOYS!
GET HIS AUTOGRAPH FOR ME, WILL YOU? SLEEP TIGHT, CHARLEY.
A FEW MINUTES LATER, CHARLEY HURRIES ALONG THE GLOOMY, FOG FILLED STREETS NEAR THE OFFICES...
BRR! THIS FOG SEEMS TO SEEP INTO YOUR BONES -- MAKES ME FEEL AS THOUGH I'M BEING WATCHED!
THEN, FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS LEAPS A FIGURE OF TERROR. FROM IT EMINATES THE PUTRID SMELL OF THE GRAVE...
AHAH! THE MANIAC... KEEP AWAY !!!
IT'S NOT A MANIAC...THIS THING IS NOT FROM THIS WORLD! HELP! HELP! AAAAWWK...
AS THE THING OF TERROR DRAINS THE REPORTER'S LIFE, HIS FRIGHTENED CRY BRINGS OFFICER CZERNY TO THE SCENE...
SOMEBODY IS BEING ATTACKED.. THERE HE IS!
HELP ME...OHH!
HE DOESN'T FALL - I HIT HIM-- MUST BE THE FOG SPOILING MY AIM!
NO-NO- DON'T GO AFTER HIM... NOT HUMAN, WILL KILL YOU...
W... WHAT ?
2

NOW TAKE IT EASY, I'LL GET YOU COMFORTABLE AND CALL AN AMBULANCE. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT. BUT FIRST I'VE GOT TO CALL HEADQUARTERS.
IT'S TOO LATE... I'M DYING... COPS WON'T DO ANY GOOD... BEAST FROM OUT OF DARKNESS... OHH...
THE MARK OF GRAHKU! IT CAN'T BE! THE LAST ONE WAS RETURNED TO THE EVIL PLACE IT CAME FROM GENERATIONS AGO--!
HE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH. FROM THE BLACKNESS OF THE UNKNOWN HE MET HIS DEATH, BUT WHO WILL BELIEVE ME IF I TELL THEM? THEY WILL THINK I AM CRAZY!
FOR TWO DAYS CZERNY KEPT STILL. THEN... UNABLE TO KEEP QUIET ANY LONGER HE TOLD HIS STORY AT HEADQUARTERS...
WHEN I WAS A CHILD IN TRANSYLVANIA I HEARD OF SUCH BEASTS. THEY ASSUME HUMAN FORM TO GET THE BLOOD NECESSARY TO KEEP THEM ALIVE. LIKE THE VAMPIRE, THEY ARE DOOMED TO A LIVING DEATH.
CZERNY, YOU'RE CRAZY.
IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU. HE MUST BE SENT BACK BEFORE HE KILLS OTHERS. HE MUST BE SENT BACK FOR GOOD.
CZERNY, YOU'RE OVERWROUGHT. TAKE IT EASY!
YOU MUST LISTEN! I KNOW HOW TO SEND HIM BACK! I CAN DO IT!
NOW, NOW, BOY. THIS WHOLE THING HAS UPSET YOU. GO HOME AND TAKE A DAY OFF. YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
ALL RIGHT-! ALL RIGHT! YOU ALL THINK I'M CRAZY, BUT SOMETHING MUST BE DONE AND I'M GOING TO DO IT!
P.D.
P.D.

AS CZERNY HURRIES HOME A FIGURE SUDDENLY STEPS FROM THE DARKNESS TO CONFRONT HIM...
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE SPOKEN. I KNEW THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE A WORD ...YII! WHO'S THAT?
WHEW! IT'S YOU, SERGEANT GRUSZY. YOU NEARLY SCARED ME TO DEATH! WHAT'S UP?
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
I COULDN'T TALK BACK AT HEADQUARTERS, BUT I BELIEVE YOU.. REMEMBER, I, TOO, AM TRANSYLVANIAN BY DESCENT. I ALSO HAVE HEARD TALES OF THE GRAHKU!
THEN YOU KNOW HOW DANGEROUS IT IS. I AM GOING TO SEND IT TO THE PLACE OF HORROR WHERE IT BELONGS.
AND I'LL HELP YOU DO IT.
GOOD, COME HOME WITH ME. IN MY FAMILY WE HAVE A BOOK WHICH TELLS HOW TO DESTROY THIS ABOMINATION. A FORBIDDEN VOLUME WHICH HAS PASSED DOWN TO US FROM FORGOTTEN GENERATIONS.
AT CZERNY'S HOUSE THEY PORE OVER THE FORBIDDEN BOOK FILLED WITH THE UNUTTERABLE SECRETS OF THE GRAHKU..
HERE IT IS! WITH THIS INFORMATION WE WILL DESTROY THE GRAHKU.
THIS BOOK FRIGHTENS ME. SUCH KNOWLEDGE SHOULD BE BURNED!
THESE THEN ARE THE THINGS WHICH WE MUST HAVE TO MAKE THAT WHICH WILL PROTECT US FROM THE GRAHKU.
I AM FRIGHTENED, CZERNY. WHAT LOATHESOME THINGS, WHAT SPAWN OF THE DEAD MIGHT WE NOT CALL UP?
AN HOUR LATER, THEY PUT ASIDE THE ANCIENT FORMULA AND GET READY FOR THE NEXT STEP...
NOW HE WILL NOT BE ABLE TO TOUCH US. WE ARE SAFE. ARE YOU READY TO GO TO THE CEMETERY WHERE THE REPORTER IS BURIED?
YES, BUT DO NOT BE TOO SURE OF PROTECTION. THE GRAHKU IS POWERFUL AND DEADLY.
4

DO NOT FEAR. ONCE WE HAVE PUT ONE OF THESE CHARMS ON THE CORPSE, WE WILL HAVE WON. WHEN THE GRAHKU RETURNS TO IT, AS HE MUST, HE WILL BE OVERCOME...
...AND THROWN BACK TO THE SLIME FROM WHENCE HE CAME...PERHAPS.
SHORTLY AFTER MIDNIGHT, THE PAIR REACH THE CEMETERY WHERE THE VICTIM OF THE GRAHKU LIES BURIED...
AH, I HAVE BROKEN THE LOCK. LET US ENTER QUICKLY.
YES. THE QUICKER THE BETTER.
THE KEEPER! INTO THE BUSHES! QUICKLY.
QUIET!
IF WE ARE TO DO ANYTHING WE MUST GET HIM OUT OF THE WAY. HE SUSPECTS SOMETHING.
WHAT SHALL WE DO?
THIS!
AAAGH!
GRUSZY-GRUSZY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
OOOOH!..
GRUSZY! ARE YOU MAD? LET HIM GO!
NOW, HE WILL BE QUIET. NOW, WE WON'T BE DISTURBED!
YOU'RE CRAZY! THIS THING IS GETTING YOU! GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!
5

MOMENTS LATER GRUSZY REGAINS HIS SELF CONTROL...
IT—IT WAS THIS CREEPY ATMOSPHERE THAT GOT ME. I... I LOST MY HEAD...HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN AWHILE. LET'S FIND THE GRAVE.
CAUTIOUSLY THEY SEARCH FOR THE NEW GRAVE...
ALTAIR ROGET—1821-1889. HE CAN'T BE HERE. THIS IS THE OLD PART OF THE CEMETERY.
YES, IT MUST BE THE OTHER WAY.
LOOK, IS THAT IT OVER THERE?
YES, THAT MUST BE IT! SOON OUR WORK WILL BE DONE.
THIS IS IT. LET'S GET TO WORK. THE SOONER WE ARE OUT OF HERE THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT.
I'LL START, THEN YOU CAN SPELL ME.
A HALF HOUR PASSES...
I'M TIRED, CZERNY. HOW ABOUT YOU TAKING A TURN?
RIGHT. CLIMB OUT AND HOLD THE LIGHT.
WE HAVEN'T FAR TO GO NOW. ANOTHER FOOT AND WE WILL HAVE REACHED THE COFFIN.
I HOPE WE'RE NOT CAUGHT. THIS COULD BE VERY UNHEALTHY FOR US.
A FEW MINUTES LATER. CZERNY UNCOVERS THE COFFIN OF THE MURDERED MAN...
I'VE REACHED IT! I'VE REACHED IT!
OPEN IT! QUICK!
R.I.P.
6

I'VE GOT THE COFFIN OPEN. THROW DOWN THE CHARM WE PREPARED!
AT LAST-AT LAST!
GRUSZY! ARE YOU COMING?
YES, MY FRIEND. I'M COMING!
GRU...AIEEE! THE GRAHKU!
YOU CAN'T TOUCH ME, GRUSZY! REMEMBER I HAVE PROTECTION!
YOU HUMAN FOOL! I LEFT THE MOST IMPORTANT INGREDIENT OUT! YOUR PROTECTION IS NO GOOD!
NOW, MY FRIEND, YOU DIE AND YOUR SECRET DIES WITH YOU!
NO! NO!
NO! HELP! HELP! AAAIEEE!
THE NEXT DAY OFFICER CZERNY WAS FOUND IN THE OPEN GRAVE, AN EXPRESSION OF TORTURED HORROR ETCHED ON HIS FACE...
YES, POOR CZERNY. PERHAPS HE KNEW TOO MUCH. THE MURDERER MUST BE CAUGHT. THE HONOR OF THE FORCE IS AT STAKE!
THAT'S THE WORK OF THE MANIAC, ALL RIGHT. POOR CZERNY.
R.I.P
HOW MANY MORE LIVES WILL BE SNUFFED OUT BY THE EVIL GRAHKU, SAFE IN HIS HUMAN DISGUISE AS SGT. GRUSZY, BEFORE HE IS ONCE MORE SENT TO THE PIT OF EVIL WHICH SPAWNED HIM? WHO WILL BE THE NEXT TO DEFY HIM AND WHAT WILL HAPPEN? NO ONE CAN TELL
THE END

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